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The Cheerful Letter

PACIFIC COAST
FOR THE
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BERKELEY

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLIV

JUNE, 1935

No. 1

MAN'S INFINITE NEED OF GOD

J. T. SUNDERLAND

Men talk about modern science and modern knowledge driving God out of the universe. The truth is, modern science and modern knowledge are filling the universe with ever greater and greater wonders, and with ever deeper and richer meanings. Therefore, if our Conception of God is intelligent enough and true enough, science and knowledge, instead of driving God out of the universe, are filling the universe from greatest sun down to smallest electron with ever clearer and richer evidences and revelations of God.

Do any of you scientists fail to find God? Look deeper. How shallow are all your bugs and stones, and chemical elements, and mathematical formulas, if you stop with these! But how rich and glorious with meaning they become when you look through them, and see them related to the mighty Intelligence, Power, Purpose, Law and Love at the heart of things!

John Burroughs was a great scientist. Few men have known this world in which we live so well as he. It was because he looked below the surface to realities that he wrote: "We must open our minds to the stupendous fact that God is immanent in His universe, and that it is literally and exactly true, as we were taught long ago, that, during every moment of our lives, in Him we live and move and have our being."

You philosophers, if you want to find a philosophy of value to man and that will endure, go down, down to one resting on a basis that cannot be shaken! Where is that to be found? The history of the ages shows that such a foundation can be discovered nowhere except in the thought of

God—God the Intelligence at the heart of things, the Intelligence pervading the universe, without which intelligence could not exist in man.

You artists, I beg you to rise to your best art by finding God in it! I mean, do not content yourselves with fragments of ideals; look up and up to the Infinite Ideal, whose broken shadows all our lower, our imperfect, ideals are. Then your art will have a soul that will find the souls of men.

You musicians, go deeper and ever deeper in your music! Find the spiritual harmonies below the physical; find the heart of your music, find the soul of your music! When you do that, you touch God. For, as we have already seen, God is the Infinite and Eternal Harmony at the Heart of this Universe.

You mothers and fathers, learn to see God in the love that shines from your children's eyes and pulses in your own hearts! You did not create it. They did not. From what source can it have come except from the Infinite Love Fountain?

You toilers, weak, weary, and discouraged, learn to find God in your work! Then it will be no longer drudgery; then it will sing. Understand that in all true and honest work you do, you are not alone; you are coworkers with the Eternal Power, Intelligence, and "Good Will" at the heart of things.

"There is enough of God

In the heart of a rose,

In the smile of a child,

In the dewy blossoms of dawn,

To prove

That Beauty is the soul of him,

That Love is his scepter,

And that all things created by him

Do face, not the night,

But *Eternal Morning*."

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postage provided for in Section 1103. Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

Imagine a world without God, and see what follows! Without God, the universe has no meaning; even the starry heavens reveal no intelligence. Without God, the universe is a mere chance thing, blind, without purpose, containing no assurance even of continuation, liable by the same chance that brought it into existence to break down at any moment and come to an end. Without God, man's reason cannot be accounted for, and cannot be trusted, because there is no answering reason in nature. Without God, man's ideals are empty air and his faith's feet stand on nothing. Without God, immortality fades away, man becomes only a superior brute, and death speedily swallows up all.

But with God, a real God, of Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Love—the God affirmed by every faculty of the human soul—the universe blazes with intelligence; instead of being a blind accident signifying nothing, God's sublime creative plan marches majestically through the ages, to the achievement of ends greater, higher, more wonderful, more magnificent than the word or dream of any finite being can measure. And man, instead of being a mere bubble floating for a moment on a stream of blind forces that "know not and care not," is, he has a right to believe, in some true, deep, real, glorious sense, a child of God; and because a child of God, therefore an inheritor of a life inseparable from that of God himself.

Deny or think lightly of our human need of God? If the time ever comes when effects have no need for causes; when babes have no need for mothers, from whom they derive their lives; when

rivers have no need for the ocean, from which all their waters come; when the earth has no need of the sun which gave it its very being and without which it could not exist a moment—then, but not before, may we, the children of earth, deny or think lightly of our need of God, who is our Origin, our Life, and our All.

—*Christian Register.*

GYPSY INTERLUDE

BY BALDWIN CROSSMON

The sun rose in a sapphire sky on the morning of our first day at Camp and the lake glistened like the glassy sea mentioned in the hymn. If that glassy sea had reflected such a blue and gold October morning, and if the cherubim and seraphim had been on a vacation, their reason for casting down their crowns is obvious. It was a gesture of sheer joy, like earthly hat-tossing. We had taken with us neither crowns nor hats, but such a morning cried out to be greeted, whereat I saluted it with two pleasant blasts on the harmonica, leaning quite far out of the window, and blowing a definitely *Hail* motif.

"What is there to *do* at a remote mountain camp so far away from everything?"

The things we do at the Lair do not readily lend themselves to cataloguing. There is an indescribable quality about them, a nebulous joy which cannot be caught in a net of words. For example, *Sitting-in-the-Sun* is one of the things one *does*, definitely. And a thousand things can happen while one is *Sitting-in-the-Sun*. Under a nearby rock a cricket is singing—a fat, black, sleek little beggar. One sees with one's own eyes that crickets actually do sing with their wings—their tiny gossamer filaments lift up and down in perfect rhythm, and the chirp-chirp-chirp is like a miniature symphony with Good Cheer as its dominant motif.

A faint, almost imperceptible breeze is stirring, and the yellow maple near the stump on which one is still *Sitting-in-the-Sun* is shedding its leaves. It seems to be an *Early-Shedder*. The other trees round about are conservative and have not joined up with the *Early-Shedder* in

its Get-Rid-of-All-Your-Leaves-in-One-Day Campaign. The Early-Shedder, carries on with grace and charm, and with a magical rhythm which would do credit to the most esoteric School of the Dance. The yellow leaves fall slowly and gently, singly or in "intimate groups" of two or three. They wheel and turn, and blow leisurely about in curves and patterns before they finally touch the earth—dropping so softly that the sound is actually beautiful in its softness. Then I decide to take a little run into the woods along the edge of the lake. Bears and deer inhabit these woods and I am always hoping actually to meet a bear or a deer—on the hoof, so to speak. I pad along the faint pathway, and have not gone far when I hear a crackling sound in the underbrush. Something black is coming along at a lively clip toward me. For a moment I was greatly cheered with bear anticipations—but it is only a dog, a large, pleasant, purposeful-looking hound, who looks thinnish in the waist line. I offer to lead him to the remains of our dinner which we had flung behind the wood pile. Upon reaching the little pile of provender I yelp "Here Doggie" at him, only to have him come up and sniff, elevate the sniffer, and stalk off. Apparently his mind is on higher things. Shucks. But life is like that, and I return to finish Sitting-in-the-Sun.

The catalogue continues right along: Gathering moss of different varieties for the moss garden which I will revel in all winter on a corner of my city desk; "hossing" great logs one by one in from the woodpile for the mammoth fireplace which has to be fed all day in this crisp temperature; sitting on the step and calling Hunca Munca (the chipmunk) who was tame last year and became very friendly. It seems that the proper call for a chipmunk is a noise like a falling nut. *Tchk, Tchk* is the nearest we can come to it.

Canoeing on the lake; writing a few letters, and maybe a poem; knitting; looking up trees in the tree book; reading aloud and not aloud; exploring the woods; picking feathery purple asters; watching

for the first star; and rushing out after early supper to locate the moon. . . . These simple unadorned items convey some idea of how much there is to do and of how full are the days.

Life is glorious, complete, idyllic, productive. Why *ever* return to the city's din, bereft of crickets, Early-Shedders, Hunca Munca and the healing profound silence of the night with the stars shining through the trees and the sweet pure air making one deliciously alive, even though it is long past the time to be asleep? Why not send a note to one's Near and Dear saying crisply, "Never coming back"? But gypsies, alas, are not in very good standing, and one has one's Near and Dear to consider. So we return, with a rich store of treasures in the jam cupboard of our thoughts. Very nice indeed it is to have a glass of "Early-Shedder" to fall back on some night in the middle of the city winter when one has been sitting up late at the scribbling desk, gnawing a pencil with no results, and the Wolf huffing and puffing at the door. Or a jar of "Chirk-Chirk the Cricket" to serve up to a friend who is low in the mind and cannot chirk at all. Or a pint can of "Purple Aster Loveliness" to "put around" when the garden is snowed under and roses are turrible expensive.

After all, perhaps it is better to come back to the city so we can have some use for the Treasures.

"Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That Time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin.

Oh better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing."

O Father, of thy love we ask
For strength and grace to bravely bear
The weight of this day's fret and care,
For patience in the common task.

—Arthur Ketchum.

If you cannot make light of your troubles, keep them dark.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Dept. H, Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. I'm an old member of the *Cheerful Letter* but have not heard from you for a long time. I should like to renew our friendship. I enjoy embroidering very much, and should be grateful if the "friends" would remember me. Mrs. Elizabeth Blevins, Brandon, N. C.

2. Mrs. Audley E. Golden, Copeland, Ark., lives on a farm in an isolated section which was hit by the drought last year, and all their hard work was in vain. She is lonely and would appreciate embroidery thread, sewing materials, and any kind of reading.

3. We live in the back woods away from town and neighbors. I have been married three years, and would be real glad to get some thread, fancy work, or anything else to make the days seem shorter and happier. Mrs. Mila Forrester, Rupert, Ark.

4. Mrs. Elmer Eller, Volney, Va., writes that she has seven children and would be thankful for school materials, puzzles, and crochet cotton.

5. There are three of us in the family. My husband has epilepsy so has not been able to work for several years. My daughter, age 17, enjoys reading books

while not in school. I should be glad to receive bits of thread and magazines to keep from getting so lonesome. Mrs. Margaret Henley, Rupert, Ark.

6. Mrs. Blanche Thompson, Rt. 2, Norton, Kan., moved here from Wyoming where the Government forced them to give up their homestead which they had worked so hard to make pay. The recent dust storms have made life almost unbearable but they are optimistic. Books and magazines would be helpful to them.

7. A gentleman who loves music and good literature is isolated in a small Vermont village. He has a victrola and would appreciate a change in records; also, any good books and magazines that might be sent him. Mr. G. E. Chadwick, Woodbury, Vt.

8. Mrs. Eva Wilson, R.F.D. 3, Montrose, Colo., is well along in years and so must sit quite a bit and piece and crochet. Thread or any scraps that could be used for fancy work would keep her nimble fingers at work.

9. I would appreciate magazines, books on fiction, philosophy, travel and other educational subjects for myself and boys, 6 and 10 years of age. Games and anything amusing or entertaining for the

children will be appreciated immensely. Mrs. Vivian M. Bissessar, 1121 N. Hudson Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

10. Mrs. Kenneth L. Gibson, Manchester, N. C., would like so much to receive old copies of the *Woman's Home Companion* and other reading matter. Her husband is away most of the time so she asks for embroidery thread and bits of sewing to make the lonely hours more pleasant.

11. We live on rented land and my husband gets work a day now and then. We would thank you for books, magazines, or scrap books. We lost our baby boy so now we have only our little 8 months old girl. Mrs. Ruth Calhoon, Apple Grove, N. C.

12. Mrs. Ottis Autry, Crabtree, Ark., is a young wife of a farmer living at considerable distance from town and church. She has one little boy, 3½ years old, and would be glad of cards, pictures and story books. All kinds of sewing and reading material would be most helpful.

13. Having recently moved to this community, I am lonely and would like magazines, stamped pieces and embroidery thread. Mrs. Edgar Roberson, Elamsville, Va.

14. I haven't heard from the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for over a year. I hope they will remember me and my little boy, 3 years old. Would someone be kind enough to send me some needles and thread, also crayons and paper? Mrs. Dean Kilby, Rt. 1, Box 69, Rugby, Va.

15. Mrs. Loucile Pittit, Rt. 1, Tennessee Colony, Tex., would welcome reading matter, thread, buttons, or bits of trimming as she does a lot of sewing.

16. I receive the *Cheerful Letter* paper and appreciate it very much. I would be glad to get magazines, books, and handwork from any one who would care to send them to me. Mrs. G. L. Blanton, P.O. Box 53, Wallace, N. C.

17. Miss Rosa Johnson, Star Rt., Box 52, Chilhowie, Va., is very sad and lonely since the death of her mother four years ago. Any kind of cheer would be appreciated, preferably knitting materials and literature.

18. I live off on a big mountain and seldom see any one. My only sister is in the hospital for an operation. One doctor told her she had cancer so please pray for her healing. Any books, fancy work, or pictures would cheer my longing soul. Mrs. Della Davis, Apple Grove, N. C.

19. Mrs. Mattie Leake, Rt. 1, Spencer, Va., residing in a quiet neighborhood, wishes to be remembered in her lonely hours with old copies of magazines and embroidery or crochet cotton.

20. While I was sick in bed for two years, I lost track of the *Cheerful Letter* people and wish to renew our friendship. I should enjoy some picture post cards, writing paper and sewing materials. Mrs. Lula Parker, Rt. 2, Box 179, Marshville, N. C.

21. Mrs. Amanda Brown, Rt. 1, Decatur, Tenn., writes that she would love to receive story books, magazines, or school materials for her boy.

22. I have a group of girl scouts who are particularly interested in sewing and etiquette. Will some of the *Cheerful Letter* workers be kind enough to send me pattern and style books, second-hand patterns, sewing instruction of any sort and books on the subject of etiquette? Mrs. Ada Standridge, Rt. 1, Box 125, Fort Gibson, Okla.

23. Mrs. Lessie B. Rea, Spencer, Va., would be happy if she could have stamped pieces, a writing tablet, or reading matter to help pass the long, dull days.

24. Am just able to sit up after being in bed for three weeks. My daughter and I would appreciate good reading and embroidery work. Mrs. Rachel Hines, Rt. 1, Athens, Tex.

25. Mrs. Willie Cooper, Higginson, Ark., enjoys her "pen friends" very much and regrets that she cannot answer their nice letters because she has no stamps. She would be glad to get jig-saw puzzles and sewing.

26. If any one has any pictures, buttons, thread and odd pieces of cloth which I could use for mending, I would be grateful. My family all enjoy looking at scrap books. Mrs. Opal Brooks, Star Rt., Marlow, Okla.

27. Mrs. Jack Wright, Rt. 4, Decatur, Tex., writes that she has six little girls which keep her very busy at home. They love story books, post cards, pencils and games. Any little thing would please them.

28. I am an old member of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* and always look forward to hearing from you dear people. It would be nice to receive reading matter and almost any kind of sewing. Mrs. J. D. Porter, Rt. 1, Box 128, Wadesboro, N. C.

29. I have been obliged to get about on crutch and cane so cannot do a great deal. I enjoy reading, and would be very glad to get bits of ribbon and lace to occupy my time. My hands are lame but I can sew sometimes. This has surely been a hard year for we are two old folks. Mrs. William Halstead, 818 E. 7th St., Ontario, Cal.

30. Mrs. Thomas D. Thornton, Pera, Va., is the wife of a farmer, living way out in the country where reading material and fancy work are scarce. If someone would care to send me flower or vegetable seeds, it would be most helpful.

31. Mrs. F. R. Harris, Pedlar Mills, Va., is a thrifty, hard working soul and has eight children to care for. The older ones love to read as well as the mother. They would be duly grateful for books, puzzles and school supplies.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Charles J. Knight from Rt. 1, Box 89, Athens, Tex., to Gen. Del., Jacksonville, Tex.

Mrs. Forrest M. Martin from Canton to Rt. 4, Wills Point, Tex.

ATTENTION—CHEERFUL LETTER CHAIRMEN

Chairmen or workers desiring regular correspondents should write to Department H, *Cheerful Letter Exchange*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Please do not select regular correspondents from the Appeals or add names other than those given out at Headquarters. Any information regarding correspondents or appeals should be addressed to this Department.

THE RELIGION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"I do not see that I am more astray—though perhaps in a different direction—than many others whose points of view differ widely from each other in the sectarian denominations. They all claim to be Christian and interpret their several creeds as infallible ones. Yet they differ and discuss these questionable subjects without settling them with any mutual satisfaction among themselves.

"I doubt the possibility or propriety, of settling the religion of Jesus Christ in the models of man-made creeds and dogmas. It was a spirit in the life that he laid stress on and taught, if I read aright. I know I see it to be so with me.

"The fundamental truths reported in the four gospels as from the lips of Jesus Christ and that I first heard from the lips of my mother, are settled and fixed moral precepts with me. I have concluded to dismiss from my mind the debatable wrangles that once perplexed me with distractions that stirred up, but never absolutely settled, anything. I have tossed them aside with the doubtful differences which divide denominations—sweeping them all out of my mind among the non-essentials. I have ceased to follow such discussions or be interested in them.

"I cannot without mental reservations assent to long and complicated creeds and catechisms. If the church would ask simply for assent to the Saviour's statement of the substance of the law: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,'—that church would I gladly unite with."

—Clipped.

CITY TREASURE

BALDWIN CROSSMON

A square of sunlight creeps upon my wall
At the high march of noon;
Like magic gold it spends itself with joy
Then vanishes—too soon—
Yet to my heart a lovelier treasure brings
Than all the wealth of all earth's queens
and kings.

A ROCKERY ON THE LITTLE PLACE

Sooner or later most of us are attracted by rock gardening. Some go boldly ahead, while others hesitate because the natural conditions of their land are so unlike those required that the rock garden would have to be man-made in appearance. It is a fact that a rock garden must often be frankly artificial, but it need not be out of harmony with its surroundings.

The beginner's first purchase should be an authoritative book on rock gardening. Besides giving rules, facts, and diagrams to aid in construction, such a book will spur the beginner on to greater things. But a modest start is advisable, and it is well to restrict the planting list to species that are not too fussy in their requirements. Great care and restraint must be used in choosing the "rock" part of the garden. It must be remembered that plants, rather than rocks, are to be the chief feature. On the small place especially, the rocks are used only to form the base, to help achieve congenial conditions for rock-loving plants. There might be a suggestion of rock here and there, but never a bristling array. Let most of the rocks be screened with plant growth if the garden is to look tame enough to blend with its surroundings.

In the confines of a small dooryard it is difficult to choose a location for a rock garden. But there are two places where it should not be. Avoid foundations of buildings and the centers of lawns. Most of us have at one time or another wondered at the spectacle of a flower-strewn stone-heap rising sharply in the midst of a placid lawn. Such "rockeries" were popular a few years ago.

Since many of the most charming and colorful rock garden subjects bloom in spring and early summer, a place for them might be made at the rear of a wide perennial border. Later in the season the growing perennials will partly screen out the out-of-bloom rock plants. Or one might have a raised border, its sides retained with stones. The rock-plants could be grown along the sides and at the top of the stones, while the border itself

would provide suitable conditions for plants requiring well-drained soil.

The beginner might start with such plants as hardy alyssum, dwarf phloxes, aquilegias, arabis, low campanulas, hardy candytuft, rock dianthus, the charming tiny species narcissi and wild tulips, such as *syvestris*, *greigi* and *clusiana*. Small bulbs such as species crocus, snowdrops, scillas, *chionodoxa*, grape hyacinths and *eranthis*, will show up better on the small stage of the rock garden than in the bare spring borders. Such natives as *hepatica*, bloodroot, anemones and the *dicentras cucullaria* and *eximia* might be used, and will do well in shaded spots. *Daphne cneorum* and the low-growing heathers will provide a variation of shrubby growth. For the driest parts one might use the prickly pear. The typical cactus foliage strikes an unusual note the year around, while the yellow flowers and reddish fruits enliven the plants during summer.

—Clipped.

OLD ROADS

MINNIE ROBERTS DREESEN

Familiar roads can ne'er grow old,
For in our memories still they hold
The visions of tall swaying trees
Or moaning murmur of the seas.

On roads familiar well we know,
Where hills are steep and rivers flow,
And where from plains we see the town,
And fog draped swamps that seem to frown.

Familiar roads run past old farms,
We see their lights blink through the storms;
Estates with mansions then we pass,
And cross a creek now choked by grass.

They lead us into sunsets glow,
Where sundogs gleaming bid us know,
Though roads can never perfect be—
Familiar roads still comfort me.

O, contentment make me rich! For
without thee there is no wealth.

—Saadi.

WOODEN DIVINITIES

One of the really big industrial enterprises of the Far East is the making of images of Buddha, the great religious leader who was deified by his followers—people who now represent nearly 10 per cent of the human race.

No worshiper of Buddha is ever quite happy unless he has in his own home an image of the divinity before which to offer his prayers. Hence there are large factories for turning out these images of Buddha. The illustration shows a group of wooden Buddhas set out in the back yard of a factory in Burma, all finished and ready for shipment to various places in the world. The images are of all sizes, made to fit every purse, but they are all made by skillful artists who contrive to give to the likeness that inscrutable air of mystery for which it is noted.

Other factories exist in Ceylon, Siam and various places. Images are also made of jade, ivory, ebony and other costly materials. Buddhas of this sort, and even those made of wood, are finding an increasingly large sale to Western tourists who wish them for souvenirs. The manufacturers have no scruples about selling their precious images to unbelievers, though the factory itself always has a sort of semi-religious atmosphere about it.—*Clipped.*

Mr. Crowe was a devout churchgoer. The young minister of his church was also devout but easily embarrassed. Imagine the consternation of Mr. Crowe and the delight of the congregation when the divine solemnly said at a prayer-meeting: "And now, will Brother Pray please crow for us?"

The establishment of a butter factory at Daintree in the tropical part of Queensland in the Commonwealth of Australia is of particular interest because it probably is the only butter factory operated so far into the tropical area of any country in the world. An excellent grade of butter is reported to be made at this factory.

AIRPLANES STOP TRAINS WITH SEARCHLIGHTS

Air liners of the trans-European and Australian air services are being equipped with powerful searchlights for the purpose of signaling and halting express trains, and transferring passengers and mail, when the airplane is threatened with an accident or delay through mechanical difficulties. Says *Popular Mechanics*:

"Some of these searchlights have half a million candlepower, and are used for observation at night as well as for signaling.

"When the pilot encounters difficulties while following the railroad express lines, he signals to a train that he is about to land, and the train stops for the transfer of his load. The plan is intended to assure connections with ocean liners for mail and passengers.

"The signal system from plane to train recently averted a serious railroad accident in this country." —*Literary Digest.*

I wonder how the other side will be
When I have finished weaving all my
thread;

I cannot see the pattern nor the end
Of this great piece of work which is for
me;

I only know that I must weave with care
The colors which are given me day by
day

And make of them a fabric firm and true,
Which will do service for my fellowmen.
Sometimes the colors are so dark and
gray

I doubt if there be any line or trace
Of beauty there, but all at once there
comes

A thread of gold, or fair bright blue, or
rose

As deep as that at sunset after rain,
And then I know that there will always
be

That one bright spot to cherish, yes, to
keep,

And, maybe, 'gainst its ground of darker
hue,

It will be beautiful.

—*Mary Miles Colvin.*

HELP CHILD LEARN TO LIKE VEGETABLES WHILE YOUNG

No one dealing with children but will admit that vegetables do not seem to be a universally popular food. A taste for vegetables, if one can believe most adults, used to be a slow growing affair. People say, "I never ate any vegetable but peas until I was grown up." Or the liking may have been for green corn or something else.

Happily the early feeding of vegetables tends to accustom the baby to their acceptance before he has reached the age of discrimination. He accepts vegetables, sometimes reluctantly, but nevertheless accepts them.

Knowing how natural it is for there to be a real dislike or a strong relish for certain vegetables, should make mothers more tolerant of a child's individual tastes and readier to cater to them.

Cans Simplify Problem

The problem is still further simplified by the convenient way in which vegetables for babies can be purchased. All kinds of vegetables can be had in tiny cans so that mothers have the opportunity of trying various types and presenting those to which the baby's reaction is pleasurable.

There is never any good reason for forcing a disliked vegetable upon a baby. That procedure antagonizes him not only to that particular food but to other foods to which the mother introduces him.

Sometimes baby will refuse a new vegetable, suspicious of its flavor or texture. By adding a little of this vegetable to one to which he has become accustomed and increasing the amount cautiously, the new flavor inevitably overpowers the old one and baby has a new food added to his menu.

Cater to Appetite

"Introducing New Foods Into the Diet" is the title of a leaflet which you may have by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request. Address your request to Myrtle Meyer Eldred in care of the "Your Baby and Mine" department of this newspaper, and ask for it by name.

Babies may like vegetable soup when they dislike vegetables alone. A well

flavored and well cooked beef or mutton broth can have various vegetables cooked with it and strained out before serving. The minerals of the vegetable are richly represented in the soup. A bit of the sieved vegetable may be added to the soup, gradually increasing, until baby is taking sieved vegetable with soup flavor instead of soup with sieved vegetable.

Making Vegetables Tasty

The greatest handicap to the development of a taste for vegetables is often the careless way in which they are cooked. Large coarse chunks of wry tasting vegetable is the result of poor cooking.

Any vegetable suitable to babies may be cut into narrow, delicate strips and steamed until tender. A spoonful of white sauce or a bit of butter and salt added to it, the whole pressed through a wire sieve, makes a dish toward which the baby could have no strong objections.

—Myrtle Meyer Eldred in
Boston Globe.

A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under the shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

From Modern American Poetry.
Edited by Louis Untermeyer.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

RED, WITH RUBBER TIRES

BY J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

It stood in the window of the hardware shop, the little red wagon that Leslie wanted. The best part was the wheels. They were red, too, and had fat rubber tires.

"I wish that I had that red wagon!" said Leslie when he and Mother passed the store. "My old wagon is too small for me, and one of the front wheels gets loose. I do want a wagon that's red, with rubber tires."

Mother looked at the wagon in the window.

"It is a fine wagon," she said.

That afternoon Daddy mowed the lawn and weeded the flower beds. Leslie watched him for a while; then he said, "I can help you, Daddy."

He got his old wooden wagon and gathered up all the weeds and grass that Daddy pulled out. It took several trips, but Leslie went back and forth until the work was done.

On the wall in Leslie's room hung a blackboard where he drew pictures of airplanes and engines and automobiles. When Leslie went to bed that night he looked at the blackboard in surprise. Someone had drawn a picture there of a wheel with a rubber tire.

"What does it mean?" he asked Mother.

"I'd leave the picture on the board and see what happens," said Mother. "You and the little old wagon did good work today, helping Daddy with the lawn."

So Leslie left the picture on the blackboard and waited. There was a place for his old wagon on the back porch, but he did not always put it there. Sometimes he left it on the walk, or on the front porch, or even out in the yard.

But he tried to remember to put it away. One evening he was ready to listen to a story when he thought of the little wagon.

"Please wait just a minute, Mother," he said.

He hurried out and put the wagon in the corner where it belonged. That night

there was a second wheel on the blackboard. This must be some sort of happy secret!

Then one day Leslie met Mrs. Bryant, his neighbor, as she got off the bus with her arms full of bundles. There were little bundles that slipped and big bundles that were heavy.

"If you'll set those bundles down and wait, Mrs. Bryant," said Leslie, "I'll get my wagon and help you."

So Mrs. Bryant waited. Leslie came running back with his wagon, loaded in all the bundles, and took them to Mrs. Bryant's door. That night there were three wheels with rubber tires on the blackboard.

"I know what the whole picture will be!" said Leslie to himself.

He was coasting down the hill in front of the house when Danny Bennett came along. Danny lived on the small street back of Leslie's house. There were holes in his shoes, and he had no wagon to play with.

"Want a ride, Danny?" said Leslie. "We'll take turns. You take two rides and then I'll have one."

So Danny rode down hill twice and Leslie rode down once, and they took turns that way for a long time. And there were four wheels on the blackboard that night.

"I wonder," said Leslie, "if that last wheel came because I let Danny ride!"

Next afternoon Leslie's playmate, Albert, called to him.

"I have my wagon out," he said. "Bring yours, and we'll run races."

They were all ready to race when Leslie heard Bobby, the baby boy who lived across the street. He was in the yard, crying, and his mother had no time to play with him because she was baking cake for supper.

"I must see why Bobby's crying," said Leslie.

"Ride! Ride!" called Bobby when he saw Leslie.

"Yes, I'll give you a ride if your mother says I may," said Leslie.

Soon he had Bobby tucked safely into his wagon and was trotting off with him.

"You can't race with Bobby," said Albert.

"No," said Leslie, "but I can keep Bobby happy."

That evening on the blackboard was a picture of a wagon, a fine big wagon with four rubber-tired wheels; the very nicest wagon that any boy could hope to have. Leslie remembered the fun that Bobby had had that afternoon. Then he knew why that picture had been finished.

Next morning Leslie went out on the porch to get his wagon—and it wasn't there! But in the corner where it had stood was a new wagon, a shiny red wagon with rubber tires.

"It's just the wagon I wanted!" said Leslie, as he hugged Mother.

"When my boy shares his old wagon," said Mother, "and helps others with it, and takes care of it, then it's time that he had a new wagon, one that's red, with rubber tires."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

GROWING YOUR OWN ORANGE GROVE

Many boys and girls have tried, at some time or other, to grow tiny trees from orange pips, but the results have never been altogether satisfactory. The reason may be that they have not gone about it in the right way, for it is possible not only to produce fine little leafy trees, but flowering ones as well.

The first thing to do, of course, is to collect a large family of pips, such as are found in very ripe oranges. Keep them until you have about 40 in all, and then soak them in lukewarm water for about 10 or 14 days, when the pips will have absorbed as much nourishment as they can hold.

Now choose your flower pot, or if you prefer it, a shallow china bowl. Quite one of the prettiest ideas is to make a flower bowl out of orange skins themselves. To do this choose three oranges, cut a hole in the top of each, and scoop out the juicy pulp, taking great care not to split the skins. Then leave them to

dry thoroughly.

Now join the orange skins together with strong paper clips and varnish the outside of the skins either with gum arabic or an ordinary varnish diluted with a little methylated spirit. This gives a gloss to the skins and prevents the oranges from becoming mildewy with constant watering. Now fill each skin with fine sifted mold mixed with a teaspoonful of fiber. The orange bowl is then ready to receive the pips, which should be planted well below the surface of the mold. Press the mold down firmly with the fingers, and for the first week do not give the pips any water. Afterward keep the earth just damp, and place the pot in a warm, sunny room. In a week or so some of the pips will burst their skins, and from the center of each a tiny thread-like shoot will struggle to the surface. More and more shoots will appear, until in time almost all the 40 pips will be showing signs of life.

It is amazing how quickly these fragile shoots grow and spread their roots. As if by magic you will find one morning that the little threads have become stout stalks, and the tips of green, shiny leaves have begun to show. But perhaps the most exciting time of all is when the buds appear, for although these indoor trees never bear fruit, they blossom with snowy white flowers which have a delicate perfume all their own. As one bloom fades another comes to take its place, since all the shoots do not bloom at the same time. In this way the tiny trees give beauty to a room for quite a long time, and even after the flowers have gone their foliage remains green and fresh.

Should the growth appear straggly and the roots pierce the orange skins, just clip them closely and neatly. This will strengthen the branches and prevent them from growing too tall.

Above all, keep your orange grove in a place where it will get plenty of warmth and light.

—*Clipped.*

Don't put things off. Put them over.

VOLCANO SPOUTS PAINT, INK, AND DYES

Lassen Peak, in California, the only active volcano in the United States, spouts ashes and pumice which, after having been soaked with natural chemicals, have been successfully used in making paints, inks, and dyes. Based on this discovery, an industry has sprung up and quantities of the ashes and powder are being shipped to San Francisco to be made, primarily, into paint for automobile bodies. The powder has also been used for making both inks and dyes. The process was discovered by chance. A prospector, seeking to develop a sulphur mine, left his vest on chemically heated ground near the prospect hole. The vest contained samples of ash and pumice, and the prospector found, at the end of the day, that it had been dyed a bright blue.—*Clipped.*

DESIGN YOUR LIVING

Don't be afraid to be alone! You really get nothing from people, hordes of people skipping through your life, hardly touching you. Until you mean something to yourself you can't be important to anyone else. One must live the good alone-life in order to grow and develop in one's own way. You develop your best—alone. "Happy is the person who demands of life the leisure to catch the beauty and emotion of deep living."

—Grace Moore.

A little East Greenville chap was eating with his fingers. Of course his mother told him to stop. The boy replied, "But, Mamma, weren't fingers made before forks?" Mamma's quick reply settled the matter finally. She said, "Not yours, sonny."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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